



## CAMPERS CHATTER

Thank you Sandy Van Rooyen  
for the camp report.

### **“DIE WATERGAT” CHRISTMAS CAMP 16 – 18 November 2018**



#### Campers:

|                         |                  |                           |
|-------------------------|------------------|---------------------------|
| Trevor & Sandy          | Helen            | Gianni & Sally (and Coco) |
| Ginger & Ruth           | Schalk & Mariaan | Theo & Elizabeth          |
| Frank & Nadia           | Ira & Mandy      | Greg & Jenni              |
| Gary & Barbs (and Jack) | Johnny & Sandy   |                           |

Must admit the few weeks before the Christmas Camp at “Die Watergat” were hectic for us. Because I was flying to Zimbabwe to see my Mum and Step-Dad (my brother was flying out from Perth and meeting me there), we had to get everything ready for the Christmas Camp beforehand. So we were running around buying goodies for my parents, a Girl and Boy gift for the Christmas camp as well as funny things for the parcel-parcel game. Returned from my Zim. trip which was chaotic in itself and basically had a couple of days to get the rest of the stuff for the Christmas Camp and pack.

Once again Johnny collected me from work on the Friday – it’s amazing how much time it shaves off the travelling time, not that “Die Watergat” is far which is one of its attractions for Club Camps especially with the petrol/diesel prices continuously increasing. “Die Watergat” is one of our favourite campsites having been one of the first campsites we camped at when we joined the Club.

The grass at the campsite was lovely as usual and the trees which we have watched grow from 1m to lovely leafy towering shade-providing trees provided some shelter from the hot sun predicted for the weekend. I am pleased to say that the dam was full which always makes a difference as with the drought, we have had to make do with dams half full or just about empty which is very sad indeed. The amenities at this campsite lends itself to a Christmas Camp what with the lapa, the fridges, the working surfaces and the numerous plug points etc. which make life easier when the Club is doing the catering themselves as was the case in this instance. For the very hot days, there is of course the swimming pool which several

campers decided to brave whilst others were content to sit and watch under the trees with a cold one in the hand rather.

We had a good turnout for the Christmas Camp – 21 adults in total (and two dogs – Coco whom we haven't seen for ages and Jack who belongs to Gary and Barbs and looked like an ottoman in stature albeit a moving one), no children this year so "Father Christmas" was not included in our festivities this year and was instead replaced by a couple of "adult" games – all clean cut I might add.



Friday everyone arrived at the campsite throughout the afternoon, each making a bee-line for any trees available for shade. The weather was gloriously hot with little wind so we thought we were in for a perfect weekend. Once everyone set-up camp, most of us congregated round the fire pit to catch up on each others' news and to share some cold ones together. Braai'ing, laughter and shooters from Greg were the order of the day with Gary and Ira opting for Jim Beam and a mixer as their preferred drink for the evening. By the end of the evening, Gary announced to Barbs that Jim Beam was definitely going to be HIS drink from now on however by the morning, he had changed his tune somewhat and confessed that he was never drinking Jim Beam ever again 😊.

*Slow cooking at it's slowest 😊*



Saturday woke up to a glorious sunny day, most of us feeling on top of the world but others nursing a couple of headaches and one camper having to put up with Cecil the lion "roaring" all night. Nothing like a good fry up bacon and egg breakfast and champagne to get everyone back into a party mood for the day and looking forward to the evening's entertainment.

The day was spent leisurely by most of the campers although whilst Sandy B., myself and Helen were doing a recce of some nearby campsites in the area, when we got back to camp the guys had forgotten to hide the evidence of the tequila and sours bottles on my caravan table. It looked like the guys had started the "party" early.





With our Christmas Festivities starting at 4 pm, the ladies were hard at work in the afternoon, making their salads, garlic and chive potatoes and delicious sauces etc. for the evening meal. The men were in charge of the meat (fillet and chicken) and there were a lot of suggestions flying around between them. Next minute all hell broke loose and there was panic stations – Sandy B. had given Ruth the “Story” (the one and only copy we had) for our second “adult” game and somehow it had “flown” off the table .... somewhere. For the next 20 minutes, all of us scrambled to search high and low, underneath cars and caravans, in the river, in the bushes, everywhere for our one and only

copy of our “Story”. Luckily it was found eventually ... still in its plastic sleeve, still on the table where Ruth left it, still under the tray that Ruth had placed it under so that the wind couldn’t blow it away. Lucky there were no fines this weekend Ruth 😊.

With the tables, gazebos and fairy lights in place, all gathered for the first game of the evening – good old fashioned “Parcel-Parcel” .... with a twist of course. Yes you did hear me correctly, there were no kids at the Christmas Camp– hee hee! All you need for this game is a mother of a parcel (with some funny gifts included in some of the wrapping), a pair of kitchen gloves, a Father Christmas Hat and dice. Every time someone rolls a six, they have to don the Christmas Hat, put on the gloves and try and unwrap one piece of Christmas wrapping paper at a time as quickly as they can. Easy-peasey I can hear you all saying .... you try and unwrap a cello taped piece of Christmas paper with oven gloves on as fast as you can 😊😊. Sometimes you were successful and were rewarded with a funny gift (bunny ears, beard, unmentionable glasses, pixie ears, multi-coloured wig etc) which you then had to put on and sometimes you weren’t so lucky and didn’t get a gift at all. Sometimes you didn’t even get to unwrap one piece of paper before having to pass the hat, gloves and parcel on to the next person. As the saying goes, you had to be there but it was absolutely hilarious! I was the “ring-master” making sure everyone was adhering to the rules of only unwrapping one piece of paper at a time and assisting with passing (I had to physically rip the gloves off Gianni who was determined to hang on to them for as long as possible 😊) on the hat and kitchen gloves to the next person. After much hilarity, the camper who won the “Goodie Box” at the end was Ginger – well done Ginger for hanging in there!









*Prize winners in the parcel-parcel game getting photo bombed by non-prize winners.*



Next was our Group Photo and Committee Photo for the year which we decided to have before it got dark. Everyone donned their Christmas Hats for the Group Photo which went off very well however when we got to the Committee Photo, unbeknown to the six of us, whilst we were fixing our poses, two naughty campers dashed behind us and BUM-bombed our picture.



*Merry Christmas from the Western Cape Committee (sans photo-bummers)*





Once we had recovered from our photo bombers, we then enjoyed chips and dips for starters and a festive Christmas drink to wash it all down with. The guys started the fires to cook the meat whilst the ladies finished off their salads and sauces etc. What a feast again – well done to the guys for cooking the meat superbly and to the ladies for making some really delicious salads and sauces. Everyone outdid themselves. We decided to do away with crackers this year (they are expensive and the “gifts” inside are usually rubbish and get thrown away) so Sandy B. made lovely little gifts for the table for everyone with chocolates as well as

Christmas rhythms which everyone got a chance to read out at the table ... to more laughs!





After a scrumptious dinner and full tummies, it was time for our second “adult” game – “The Left/Right” Game. Without Father Christmas to hand out our presents, Sandy B. (and Google) came up with an ingenious game called “The Left/Right” game so that everyone at the end would be at a chair with a present (a girl present for a girl and a boy present for a boy – and it worked out perfectly thanks to Sandy B’s calculations and trial run.) Once again we had to put our chairs into a circle and place our gift on our chair in a boy/girl/boy/girl fashion. Ruth was our designated reader of our Christmas Campers Story and every time she read out the word LEFT in the story (i.e. *Santa had LEFT his sack somewhere*), we all had to step to the left chair and the same for the word RIGHT (i.e. *Elf Greg said we had to leave RIGHT away*), we had to step to the right chair. Most of the guys battled with their lefts and rights and had the girls nudging them in the right LOL (or left) direction but the one that flummoxed them completely was when she read out the word SWOP in a sentence (i.e. *Santa said he wouldn’t SWOP Mrs Claus for the world*) and you had to swop with the same gender opposite you. I don’t think half the men realise what “the same gender” means as they were swapping with the ladies and mixing it all up. It was hilarious – again you had to be there. By the end of the story (thanks Ruth – great reading skills and thanks Sandy B. for working it out perfectly), everyone got their girl or boy present to unwrap.

The evening was finished off with pudding – Summer Berries, Ice Cream and some decadent chocolate sauce. Bit by bit with the festivities at an end, the laughter died down eventually and the campers slowly turned in for the night.

Sunday woke up to overcast weather. Best job in the world, “a weatherman”. He can get the weather wrong I don’t know how many times and he still keeps his job – unbelievable. Sunday was supposed to be the best day of the weekend with lots of sunshine, hot temperatures and a gentle breeze however it was the complete opposite, overcast, no sunshine (except until a bit later) and definitely not a gentle breeze. But not being sissies, we still managed to have our slap up bacon and egg breakfasts albeit some having to relocate to behind their caravans to get out of the wind.

And then it was time, all too soon as usual, to pack up after another excellent camping weekend. Some campers we will see at the December Camp at “Champagne” (another favourite of ours) but some campers we will have to wait until 2019 before we see them again. To everyone who is not attending the December Camp, we wish you a very Merry Christmas and hope to see you camping with us in the New Year. Be safe this festive season.

